

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

Published every evening, Sunday excepted, by the Tonopah Bonanza Printing Co., Incorporated

W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

Terms of Subscription by Mail for Daily Bonanza:
 One Year \$12.00 One Week 30
 Six Months 6.00 One Month 1.00
 Three Months 3.00
 Delivered by Carrier, \$1.25 per Month

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Entered at the post office at Tonopah as second class matter.
 Official Paper for County of Nye and Town of Tonopah

PAX VOBISCUM.

The first body of a Tonopah boy, who died while in the service overseas to be returned to his country has arrived in New York, and is being sent to San Francisco by intercept in the Presidio National cemetery. One of a hundred thousand odd who gave their lives that the world might be free and one of but a small percentage of this number who will be returned to a final resting place. American soul. We naturally wish that sometime the sacred bodies of all those who gave their lives in the world war's holy cause could be taken up from the graves that are now cared for by the loving hands of the devoted family of France and returned to the soil of their native land. How sweet the thought that those who went from us and died to return may some time mingle their dust with the loved soil of the country for which they died. These phrases would indeed be good.

It may sound all very good, but when a stone is laid to rest the story. When you think of fathers and mothers, the sisters and brothers and loved ones who have given their treasure, the life of the dear one in the solemn moments when the vacant place at the table and the empty bed in the chamber take the memories of their kinship and their devotion to their country's cause, this will be a great and solemn relief—indeed, but a place of joy. Under the shade of trees planted by loving hands, amidst the blossoming flowers of our native land, in the walks and drives of this sacred place they will come and what a place for meditation it will be!

Aged mothers, who will again have the peace of the child who once defined its home about him, and she so often sang to sleep with her lullaby songs, in memory's ear she will again hear the first formal words of her child, here the playful pranks and childish mischief of her loved one will come back to her with the force of reality. Here she will again, with her boy, in memory, recount his joys, his sorrows, his disappointments and his triumphs of each day. Here the aged father and mother will again, with memory's eye, see the bright youth, the treasure of their hearts—the hope of their lives, grown to manhood, stalwart and strong, with set jaw and determined face, press their hands and take his place in the line of march, with the stream of young American men, bound, going forth to the great battlefields of Europe, here again the hopes and aspirations of a mother's and a father's love will wonder at the fortune of the son, whom they will live the anxious hours, days, weeks and months of waiting for tidings from their boy, and here again they will hear the story that he has given his life for his country, and ours might live. This will be at once a place of sadness and of solemn joy—sadness that their hopes for an ambitious son were blighted by his death—joy that he once lived and that he could give and they could give a precious life in a holy cause.

III.

We will never forget those months when, through the throbbing cables, under the heaving billows of the ocean, came day by day the list of the dead. It was the misery of our sorrow. The heart-break that was dreaded was upon us. It was a thing we had hoped to put far off from us, although we knew that, sooner or later, it must come. We saw all too clearly this time when we would awake at midnight to find dread tidings. It was not that we cringed or failed to count the cost when we sent our sons forth on the happy pathways of peace to stalk upon the trail of death in the grim quarters of war. Well we knew the price there was to pay. We knew that the altar would demand its sacrifice. And now that time had come. Every day the names of the fallen were enrolled before us. And as the days passed, more and more the names became familiar. Now and then there were names that left the list quivering in our hands. We looked sadly at our neighbor's house where yesterday Death had hung out its black plumes. We wondered across whose doorway the same black plumes would hang tomorrow. We prayed God to give us strength to bear it if that house should be our own. It was not that anyone, God knows, prayed that his neighbor would be stricken to save himself. It was only that each one hoped—as, indeed, he was permitted to hope—that it might be God's will to send back to him the son he gave out of his heart's sanctuary and the hearth fire of his home. Very helpless did we feel, for we stood as all who went before us in the endless ages had stood, face to face with the twin mysteries of life and death. Why one should die before his time and another live beyond it this is a thing we cannot fathom and against which we make blind and futile protest when the blow falls upon us. So, all we can say is peace be with the dead. And to the aching hearts left behind we say also, Pax Vobiscum, for they, too, have given the gift of gifts on Freedom's altar. When in the dusk at close of day the bugle sounds "taps" heads are bowed in the mansions of the rich and the cottages of the poor alike, across the wide reaches of the land. They who were one in the democracy of life are one now also in the democracy of Death.

IV.

Death has not spared one more than another for any human reason. The heir to millions and vast estate lies side by side with the washerwoman's son in those Flanders fields and on the Marne's red banks. Unquestionably tender in our hearts is the thought of them. There is no music in the world to voice the love we bore them. There is no magic of brush or pen to vision our memories of them as they faced forth in their strength and beauty to be down with death. Did Abraham do more than we have done?

And they came to the place where God had told him of; and Abraham built the altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him upon the altar, upon the wood.

Grieve not for those who died. All is well with them. They become with Peace. There are no burdens for their shoulders now. Their tasks are done. God forbid that there is one American

breathing the breath of life today who is ungrateful to the memory of the least one among the hosts of our armies and navy who has offered his life in a foreign land at the call of his country. If there is such an American he is not worthy of the name; he is not worthy of the country that bore him or adopted him into its kinship.

ELWELL MURDER STILL UNSOLVED

Ouija Board Brought To Use in Effort to Locate Person Guilty of Crime

(Correspondence of Associated Press) NEW YORK, July 30.—Ouija boards by the score have volunteered to solve the mysterious murder of Joseph Brown Elwell, turkman, card expert and "Doc" Juan.

Since the body of the gambler was found in his handsome residence here last month, with a bullet through the forehead, alleged clues, motives and revelations of the murderer himself have been gathered from ethereal planes to the thousands and dumped upon an admittedly bewildered staff of the district attorney's office.

All of these occult communications are not discarded. While disclaiming any claim in ouija's ability as a crime investigator, the district attorney nevertheless admits that he has assigned a man to the special duty of reading occult contributions and to submit to him personally any concrete, apparently useful information. An anonymous communication purporting to be an occult revelation may contain a valuable clue. Mr. Swann believes his theory being that the criminal might use this method of obtaining on a confederate.

Anonymous communications purport to reveal probable plot and climax of the crime.

The missing automatic pistol with which Elwell was shot has been traced by ouija boards or other "supernatural" means in every part of the Elwell home, from the sitting room in which the murder was committed down into the basement and on to the roof.

Until the murderer is apprehended, both the police and district attorney's staff say they expect no surprise from the persistent profligacy of occult assistance now being forced on them.

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UNIVERSITIES HARD HIT

(Correspondence of Associated Press) BERLIN, July 8.—German universities have been hard hit by the depreciation of the mark. "The ruin of German currency," says Dr. Ernst Troeltsch, professor of philosophy at the University of Berlin, "has enclosed German science and education in a kind of Chinese wall which is strengthened by other countries' hatred of Germany, especially France's. We are being subjected to a scientific blockade and a moral siege with its dogma of guilt—the air with its dogma of guilt."

PENCIL WOOD

(Correspondence Associated Press) ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 28.—Pencil wood may soon be taken from the Manzano forest near here, said to be the largest cedar forest in the southwest. A representative of an eastern pencil manufacturing firm recently inspected the forest. He said the western supply of cedar, which pencil companies have depended upon is practically gone.

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CAPTURE CONVICT

OAKLAND, July 30.—Carl Otto, who escaped from Folsom prison after a battle with guards, was captured today in Oakland after he had put up a strenuous resistance.

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